

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1900.

NUMBER 15

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## Easter-Tide.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies,  
And sweet as the violet's breath,  
Comes the jubilation of Easter,  
A triumph of life over death;  
For fresh from the earth's quickened  
bosom  
Full baskets of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin soft petals  
To carpet a path for our King.

We have groped through the twilight of  
sorrow  
Have tasted the March full of fears;  
But lo! in the gray of the dawning  
Breaks the hope of our long silent years.  
And the loved and the lost we thought  
perished  
Who vanished afar in the night,  
Will return in the beauty of springtime  
To beam on our rapturous sight.

Sweet Easter-tide pledges their coming,  
Serene beyond trouble and toil,  
As the lily upspring in its freshness  
From the warm, throbbing heart of the  
soil.  
And after all partings, reunion,  
And after all wanderings, home;  
Oh, here is the balm for our heartache,  
As up to the Easter we come!

In the countless green blades of the  
meadow,  
The sheen of the daffodil's gold  
In the tremulous blue on the mountains,  
The opaline mist on the world,  
In theinkle of brooks through the pas-  
ture,  
The river's strong sweep to the sea,  
Are the signs of the day that is hastening  
In gladness to you and to me.

So down in thy splendor of lilies,  
Thy fluttering violet breath,  
O jubilant morning of Easter,  
Thou triumph of life over death!  
For fresh from the earth's quickened  
bosom  
Full baskets of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin soft petals  
To carpet a path for our King.

## REJOICE.

It was a beautiful Easter morning  
and the church door stood ajar.  
"We can hear the music if we sit  
there, and maybe some of the ser-  
mon, too." It was Katie that said  
this, with a glance at shabby Tom-  
my at her side, and then at her own  
poor dress that had gotten far past  
her skill in mending and had holes  
and rents in many places.

"I'm so tired, Katie," said Tom-  
my again.

"Never mind, dear, lay your  
head in my lap awhile," said Katie,  
tenderly drawing him near and  
smothering a little cry that almost  
escaped her. "I wish he would  
talk to the children as the minister  
used to where mother took us to  
church."

But Tommy's eyelids dropped,  
the long lashes lay upon his cheeks,  
and he cared nothing at all for the  
sermon, or the music, or the beau-  
tiful sunshine or even for dear Katie  
herself, for Tommy was fast asleep.  
She was only two years older than  
Tommy; but now that their sweet  
mother was gone, Katie felt that she  
must take her place. With never a  
thought for her own forlorn little  
life, but a heart full of pity for  
Tommy, she called him "dear" and  
"darling" as his mother had, kissed  
his bumps and bruises, and even  
tried to prove watchful and comfort-  
ing.

"My text to-day consists of just  
one word," the minister began. "It  
is found all through the Bible and  
this season gives us more reason than  
any other for obeying the command,  
'Rejoice!'"

"I wonder what rejoice means,"  
mused Katie; but the minister was  
speaking again:

"Do the children know what re-  
joice means? They ought to, for  
they do more rejoicing than grown  
people."

"Oh, he is going to talk to us,"  
thought the heart-hungry child on  
the door-step.

"And now," continued the good  
man, "I will explain it in words  
that I am sure you all can under-  
stand. Rejoice means, be glad, and  
you all know what gladness is."

"Of course, responded Katie;  
Tommy and I were glad all the time  
when mother was alive." "At  
this season of the year, above all  
others, we should rejoice."

"How can we?" remonstrated  
Katie. "There should be and is  
great rejoicing at Christmas time,  
the season when Christ was born  
among men; but there should be  
more rejoicing now, at Easter,  
because he lives again and for-  
ever."

Then he told anew the wonderful  
story of the resurrection and the  
recurrent illustration in the coming  
of the spring and its flowers. He  
told it in language that his young-  
est listener could understand. His  
hearer on the doorstep eagerly

grasped each word and treasured it  
in her desolate little heart.

"Death is not death!" he exclaim-  
ed, "but rather a long sleep with a  
glorious awakening. The flowers  
are not dead when we miss them in  
the winter time, but only sleeping;  
and when the spring comes again  
the flowers come with it, brightly  
awakening when we thought them  
dead. To us who have lost dear  
ones, the springtime should bring  
especial comfort. For as we see the  
winter that has passed, so may we  
know that we shall have our dear  
friends back, more beautiful, love-  
lier far for the separation and for  
having passed through the gates of  
death."

He then spoke a few words about  
flowers as tributes to the memory of  
the dead and of their appropriateness  
in the church at Easter.

Katie's face was radiant. See her  
dear mother again! She was not  
depressed by the possible years of  
waiting; not appalled by her own  
sure journey through those gates  
of death before the glad reunion.  
She only thought of once again  
being enfolded by a mother's arms  
and feeling the shelter of a mother's  
love.

"I wish you would wake up so  
that I could tell you about it. We  
ought to have had some flowers in  
the church to-day for mother. We  
didn't think about it, but never  
mind, we can get some for to-night.  
Oh, Tommy dear, just think of it!  
Sometime we'll see mother again!"  
But Tommy still slept unheeding.

The closing hymn wakened the  
little fellow and, after hearing part  
of the wonderful story, he gladly  
accompanied Katie in the search for  
wild flowers to place in the church  
at the evening service—a tribute to  
the memory of their beloved dead.

It was a long and weary way the  
children went; but they were richly  
rewarded and came back laden with  
all they could carry of the beautiful  
symbols of the resurrection. Up  
the church steps they climbed, only  
to find that the door was locked.

"We must take them to the  
minister's house," said Katie, no-  
thing daunted. "He will know  
how to get them into the church."

With folded hands and bowed  
head the minister sat in the after-  
noon sunlight. His appearance  
was dejected and strangely out of  
place in him who had preached  
"Rejoice!" in the morning. It  
looked as if he who above all others  
should have been cheered by the  
services, had failed to be so.

"Your sermon to-day was very  
beautiful," his wife said gently.  
"It has been a great comfort  
to me."

"Thank you, my dear," said the  
minister stroking her hand, but his  
tone was half-hearted.

The wife was silent a few minutes;  
then she ventured softly:

"And yet you seem a little de-  
pressed now, dear."

"I am," he replied, reluctantly,  
"not only a little, but very much  
depressed."

His wife looked distressed, and  
he went on: "The truth is, I want  
our children. It is not enough for  
me to know that in the hereafter  
we shall meet: I want to feel their  
arms around my neck and their  
warm kisses on my cheek!"

His voice trembled and on his  
cheeks were tears instead of longed-  
for living caresses. Before his  
wife could speak the doorbell rang,  
and hastily wiping his eyes the  
minister himself answered the sum-  
mons. There, with their arms full  
of blossoms, the loveliest that the  
woods afforded, stood the two little  
motherless children looking wistful-  
ly up to his face.

"If you please," said Katie, "we  
want these flowers in the church.  
We heard your sermon this morn-  
ing. We couldn't come in," with  
a glance at her ragged dress, "but  
we sat on the steps and I heard  
every word. We never could re-  
joice since mother died; it has been  
so lonely; but now we will. We  
understand it better—we know she  
had to go—and we shall have her  
again—and we want the flowers in  
church, please; in—memory, I  
think you called it."

"My dear child!" was all the  
minister could say as he held out  
his hand for the flowers; but his  
wife caught both children in her  
arms, and kissed them again and  
again.

"Oh, you poor darlings!" she ex-

claimed. "Tell me about it." And  
holding them close to her she  
drew forth the pitiful story. A  
glance at her husband showed that  
they read each other's thoughts.

"Of course we'll keep them," said  
he heartily, "if they will stay, and  
no one else has claims upon them."

A closer questioning showed that  
the children's father had died when  
they were too young to remember  
him and they knew of no living re-  
lative.

"What does it all mean, Kate?"  
asked Tommy bewildered.

"It means, dear," remarked  
Katie, thoughtfully, "that this is  
to be our home and we shall have  
two mothers, one in heaven for us  
to see again some day, and one on  
earth to love and take care of us  
now."

"I'm so glad," sighed the tired  
little fellow.

"And so am I," said the minister,  
and then kissing Katie's wise little  
face he added, "I believe that  
with such a brave little woman in  
the house to make sunshine for me,  
I shall practice what I preach and  
always rejoice."—*Carrie G. Nothing-  
ham in Young People's Weekly.*

## THE OLD BELL RINGER.

From the church of a forest vil-  
lage the old belfry arose high and  
somber, with its steeple pointing  
toward the sky, and on this Easter  
night weary steps were heard as-  
cending the winding stairs leading  
to the platform where the bells were  
hung. The old bell ringer Mikael  
was slowly mounting until at length  
his lantern appeared on high like  
the pale glimmering of a star. The  
ascent was painful. The old man's  
limbs almost refused support, and  
he scarcely saw his way before him.  
He was so worn out, old Mikael—  
so worn out! Ah, it is true, it is  
surely time, thought he, to depart  
to the land of rest, but God willeth  
it not thus. How many times had  
he aroused the night from this belfry  
with the glad tidings, "Christ is  
risen!"—how many times? He  
could not exactly tell, and yet God  
willed that he was still to ring the  
bells.

The old man approached the  
balustrade and leaned pensively  
thereon. Below, surrounding the  
church, he vaguely perceived the  
cemetery of the village bristling  
with dingy crosses which, with  
outstretched arms, had the ap-  
pearance of mourning guard over  
the dead slumbering beneath them.  
Thickets of birch trees, still denuded  
of their foliage, inclined above the  
tombs, and as Mikael gazed on the  
melancholy scene a voice from below  
suddenly aroused him:

"Mikael! Mikael!"

The voice was feeble and trem-  
bling. The aged deacon of the vil-  
lage looked up. He tried to see the  
platform of the belfry, his hands  
curved over his winking eyes in  
order to have a better view. "I  
am here. What wouldst thou  
have?" asked the bell ringer, half  
leaning over the balustrade.

"Dost thou not see me?"

"No, I do not see thee. Dost  
thou not think it is time to ring the  
bells?"

Mikael looked at the stars. The  
thousand fires of heaven sparkled  
in the azure.

"No, not yet. Wait a little  
while," answered the bell ringer.

He had no need of a watch. The  
stars would tell him when the hour  
had come.

The heavens and the earth, the  
white clouds floating in the azure,  
the somber forest, and even the  
little murmuring river running in  
the shadows, spoke to him in  
language he understood, for there  
was a close communion between  
him and these things. It was not  
in vain that all his life had centered  
in this belfry.

Now all the distant past arose be-  
fore him. He recalled the day  
when for the first time he mounted  
on this platform with his father.

And he saw himself a child, with  
bright eyes, and fair hair floating  
in the wind. But it seemed to him  
that wind was not the same as this  
which raised the blinding dust of  
the highways. No! it was a breath  
from on high that only swept the  
summits. In the vision of his child-  
hood this forest receded to a distance  
without bounds, while the clearing  
which inclosed it spread out im-  
measurably.

"However, it is here before me  
all entire," said the old man with a  
smile, in embracing the narrow  
space with a single glance.

And this truly was his life. As a  
child he saw no end, and yet from  
the first day until the last he was  
held in this narrow space, as in the  
hollow of the hand. However, the  
hour had come. Throwing a last  
look toward the stars, Mikael arose,  
took off his hat, made the sign of  
the cross and gathered the ropes  
in his hands. An instant after the  
bells began to ring. First one,  
then a second, a third, a fourth,  
until repeated strokes followed in  
quick succession. Then succeeded a  
flight of sound whose prolonged  
vibrations filled the night.

Then the bells ceased ringing.  
Mikael seated himself on his bench,  
his ears filled with the dying vibra-  
tions and his mind absorbed in  
vague reflections.

The platform was feebly lighted  
by the vacillating gleams of the  
lantern. Above his head the  
bronze still prolonged its trem-  
blings, from the church arose faint  
chantings, and the evening wind  
swept the bell ropes to and fro.

The silvery voices of children  
echoed around the altar, while  
Mikael, with bowed head, again lost  
himself in visions of the past.

"Mikael! Ho, Mikael! Art  
thou sleeping?"

"What!" exclaimed the old man,  
suddenly starting to his feet. "Is  
it possible I have been asleep?  
Never, never have I been so wrong."

And with his accustomed hand  
Mikael seized the cords. Below a  
crowd of peasants swarmed like bees  
in a hive, banners floated in all the  
splendor of their embroideries of  
gold, the procession was making  
the tour of the church, and joyous  
voices reached the old bell ringer.

"Christ is risen!"

And this acclamation echoed  
powerfully in the heart of the good  
man. It seemed to him that the  
candles burned in the shadows with  
brighter light, that the banners  
floated more freely, and that the  
wind, aroused, carried to the heights  
and depths in united harmony the  
chants of the faithful and the songs  
of the bells.

Never had the old man thus rung  
out the chimes before. His whole  
soul seemed to have passed into  
the bronze as the trembling bells  
threw to heaven their sounds, some-  
times joyous, sometimes weeping.

And the stars seemed more bril-  
liant, and the variations of the bells  
fell toward the earth in a long  
caress of love. The bass ruled all  
singing in its voice sovereign and  
profound.

"Christ is risen!"

In clearer notes the two tenors re-  
peated joyously with their metal  
lips:

"Christ is risen!"

And the two softly sounding bells,  
like children's voices lost in a concert  
of many tones, took up the refrain,  
proclaiming:

"Christ is risen!"

The wind which swept the brow  
of the old bell ringer and which  
filled the belfry tottering to its base  
repeated in low, whispering sounds:

"Christ is risen!"

Then Mikael forgot his life of  
sorrow. He forgot that he was  
alone in the world, like an old tree  
shattered by the storms. He heard  
his bells ringing, weeping, and he  
believed he was surrounded by his  
wife and children. He thought the  
voice of the bells was that of his  
loved ones, thus forming a heavenly  
concert which sang of happiness and  
joy which he had never known. And  
with stiffened arms and bending  
form he drew, drew the cords, the  
old bell ringer. Tears blinded him  
and his heart throbbed wildly.

The world below listened in wonder  
to this strange flight of sound, say-  
ing, "Never before—no, never,  
had old Mikael thus rung the bells!"  
Suddenly the great bell swung with  
an uncertain jerk and then stilled.

The smaller ones threw out confused  
trills, then stopped, as if listening  
to the dying plaint of the others  
trembling in the air.

"Mikael!" again called a voice  
from below.

But Mikael was sleeping the sleep  
of death. The old bell ringer will  
ring the bells no more.—*Translated  
from the Russian by M. M.  
Hallowell.*

## FANWOOD.

### Schedule of Base Ball Games.

### NO VICTORY YET.

### The News of the Week Briefly Told.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The schedule of the baseball  
games, as arranged by Manager Fox,  
is given below. Graduates and  
others who retain an interest in the  
Fanwood ball tossers, would do well  
to cut it out and paste it in their  
hats for future reference.

March 31.—De La Salle Institute, at Fan-  
wood.

April 7.—New York University, at Ohio  
Field.

" 14.—Reserved.

" 21.—Riverview Military Academy, at  
Poughkeepsie.

" 28.—Hackettstown Seminary, at  
Hackettstown, N. J.

May 5.—Seton Hall, at South Orange,  
N. J.

May 12.—Columbia Freshmen, at Fan-  
wood.

" 19.—Blair Hall Academy, at Blairs-  
town, N. J.

" 26.—Peekskill Military Academy, at  
Peekskill.

" 29.—Lafayette Freshmen, at Easton,  
Penn.

" 30.—Bett's Academy, at Stamford,  
Conn.

June 2.—Reserved.

A few changes were made in the  
team which now stands as follows:

S. Dyer	Second Base
D. Edmondson <td>Right Field</td>	Right Field
E. Rappaport, Capt. <td>Third Base</td>	Third Base
J. Elfein <td>Left Field</td>	Left Field
G. Wigley <td>Short Stop</td>	Short Stop
W. Lynch <td>First Base</td>	First Base
R. Anderson <td>Center Field</td>	Center Field
T. C. Cook <td>Catcher</td>	Catcher
T. Orman <td>Pitcher</td>	Pitcher
W. Hefferman <td>Pitcher</td>	Pitcher
A. Haiscober <td>Fielder</td>	Fielder

Saturday, the Fanwoods played  
the University of New York base-  
ball team, and the result was a  
defeat for Fanwood. However, the  
game showed a marked improve-  
ment over last week's performance,  
and there is still hope of their re-  
trieving themselves, ere the season  
closes.

The new uniforms presented them  
by Principal Currier, were donned  
for the first time. They are of gray  
flannel, with "Fanwood" in light  
blue letters on the shirt. The  
pants are well padded. Possibly  
self-consciousness over their ap-  
pearance in them is responsible for  
their defeat. Score:—

U. of N. Y.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rocke, 2b.	5	3	1	1	1	1
Van Vleet, c.f.	6	3	0	1	1	1
Northrop, c.f.	6	4	1	0	0	0
Taylor, p. r.f., l.f.	0	3	2	2	1	1
Ross, 3b.	6	1	1	1	1	2
Haynes, 1b.	6	1	2	11	1	0
McIntosh, c.	5	2	3	7	8	1
Balford, l.f.	4	1	2	9	0	0
Muldoot, r.f.	1	1	0	0	0	0
Wilcox, r.f.	2	0	1	1	0	0
Eaton, r.f., p.	4	2	3	0	0	1
Totals	51	21	15	27	9	7

FANWOOD, A. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dyer, 2b.	4	0	0	5	0	1
Hefferman, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Capt. Rappaport, 3b.	4	1	3	0	0	1
Elfein, l.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wigley, s.s.	4	0	2	0	3	1
Lynch, 1b.	4	0	1	8	1	0
Anderson, c.f.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Cook, c.	4	0	0	4	0	1
Orman, p.	4	1	1	2	2	0
Totals	36	3	6	24	7	7

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
FANWOOD	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3
U. of N. Y.	2	0	1	3	0	7	2	x	21

Earned runs—U. of N. Y., 4. Two-base  
hits—Haiscober, Eaton. Third-base hits—  
Taylor, Eaton. First base on balls—Hais-  
cober, 8; off Taylor, 1. Left on bases—  
Fanwood, 6; U. of N. Y., 6. Stolen bases—  
Wigley, Rappaport, Rorke, 2. Northrop.  
Double play—Dyer and Lynch. Hit by  
pitched ball—Rorke, 2. Van Vleet, 3. North-  
rop. Struck out—By Orman, 4; by  
Taylor, 3; by Eaton, 3. Wild pitch—Or-  
man. Passed balls—Cook, 2; McIntosh.  
Umpire—Mr. Fisher. Scorer—H. Powell.  
Time—1 hour and 40 minutes. Attendance  
—150.

While Fanwood has had a regu-  
lar base-ball team, it has not, since  
the Silencia Reserves and the Re-  
solves went out of existence, had a  
regular scrub team. This year the  
cadets have evinced more interest  
in baseball. After the regular  
team was formed, those who failed  
for positions on the first team met  
and organized the Fanwood Re-

serves with Principal Currier,  
President, Prof. Fox, Manager,  
and Louis Cohen, Captain. From  
the regular team they inherited the  
old baseball uniforms and par-  
aphernalia, and with pluck and de-  
termination have launched forth  
secondary planets in Fanwood's  
baseball firmament. We wish them  
luck. Saturday afternoon they put  
up an interesting game against the  
Carmansville Athletic Club, and  
lost. Score, 13 to 10.

CARMANSVILLE, A. C.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Finn, c.	6	1	1	5	0	1
Capt. Reynolds, p.	6	2	3	0	3	0
Brown, 1b.	6	1	2	8	1	1
Mc Gann, 3b.	6	1	1	3	1	2
Smith, 2b.	6	2	3	0	0	1
Daniels, c.f.	5	1	0	3	1	0
Mc Guirk, l.f.	5	1	0	3	1	0
Moore, r.f.	5	2	0	3	0	0
Stevens, s.s.	5	1	1	4	3	2
Totals	50	13	12	27	9	7

FANWOOD RESERVES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Nimmo, s.s.	6	0	2	1	3	0
Stern, l.f.	6	2	3	0	0	0
Capt. L. Cohen, 3b.	6	1	2	3	4	2
Reiff, 1b.	5	1	1	11	0	2
Magerski, 2b.	5	1	0	0	1	3
Brewer, c.f.	5	2	1	0	0	0
Haiscober, p.	5	2	1	0	0	0
O'Connell, r.f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Seelig, c.	5	1	2	11	2	1
Totals	48	10	12	27	17	8

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. A. C.	2	0	1	3	0	2	2	2	—12
FANWOOD R.	0	3	2	0	1	3	0	0	—10

Two-base hit—Seelig, Cohen, Stevens,  
Daniels. Three-base hits—Nimmo, Hais



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding eye,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

THE Illinois Institution is undergoing a siege of the mumps, which has become epidemic. Over a hundred and twenty-five have "got it in the neck," according to the *New Era*. So far, nothing more serious than the ailment in its simple form has developed, and it is believed the usual clean bill of health will soon prevail.

### Trades For The Deaf.

Some people seem to think that we are educating children for the professions, but we are not. Instead, we are trying to give to a defective class the ability to make a living in competition with normal people, and we sometimes realize that we have a hard task. It is not a theory that confronts the educators of the deaf to-day, but it is a hard, stubborn fact, and though we may dislike to look at facts that destroy some pet illusion, the demands of the present are such that we must.

Most of our children will depend upon manual dexterity, or upon manual labor, to earn for themselves a living, or they will not make a living at all. If we can give the pupils the ability to make a living at some trade, they will make money, and make it easier than they could at common labor. Our energies, therefore, should be bent to practical things. Our object should be to increase the earning power of the individual, so that he may not exhaust his vital energies in the struggle for existence.

It is right that every child should have the opportunity to learn as much as he can. But the demands of modern society are such that the ability to make a living is second only to honesty and uprightness.

The ideals of college professors can not be our ideals. They deal with another class of people. They practically begin their work where we are ready to leave off. We begin with many children whose minds are no better developed than the three-years-old child's that prattles at its mother's knee. But regardless of the material with which we have to work, we must look for results to justify the labor and the expense. This result must be found in the ability to go through the world as independent and self-supporting citizens. Given strength, anybody can make a living at manual labor, and an education does not incapacitate one from the meanest work.

Our modern life requires that somebody dig ditches. But ditch digging is a thing to be avoided, if one can with less exertion or in less time, earn the same amount of money at something else; and if we can help another beyond the necessity for engaging in the most laborious and least productive of pursuits, we should do so. The professions are beyond most of the deaf, if not on account of mental inability, at least on account of the insurmountable barrier of their deafness. Our hope, then, must lie in the trades, and our efforts must be directed along that line. To be effective, the trades must be taught as trades, and not merely for training in manual dexterity. Manual training is an excellent thing as a sort of preliminary, but eventually the work become such as our pupils may be expected to find in after life. Habits of industry and complete initiation into the mysteries of the mechanical processes and the underlying principles of a trade are essentials. We must make workmen, or our mission has failed.—*The Silent Hoosier.*

Nearly all the progressive railroads are abandoning wooden cars and adopting the steel built structures.

## The College Tech.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—"Free Lance," it seems, not satisfied with his first kick in the *Register* about things and conditions which it is very evident from the nature of his statements, he does not understand, has come forward with another lengthy card in the same paper. This time he gets further from the point than ever. His lance is too free. He has lost complete control of it.

About the first thing he tells us in this last production of his is that "some people do not know the first principles of criticism." That is true; and it is just as true in the case of "Free Lance" as it is in the case of any of the other "don't knows;" for had he known the first principles of criticism himself, in criticising the management of the college, he certainly would have refrained from making false statements, and insinuating things about it.

Since he knows so much about the management of the college, we would like to have him show his proof—to have him put up or shut up—that the funds of the technical department were ever "diverted towards improvement, in the laboratory, study of botany, or did you say the gymnasium?" He says that the diverting of the funds of the technical department towards these improvements was a good thing for the college, but a bad thing for the technical department.

No funds for the technical department were ever appropriated by Congress. The laboratory was enlarged and improved out of the regular funds of the college, simply to make more room and to provide enlarged facilities for technical work. So "Free Lance" is far from the truth in this statement. But right here we would like to ask, if there had been a fund for the technical department, would it have been of any use without a laboratory? Is there any college in the world teaching technology without a laboratory? And is not the study of botany a part of the course in all technical schools and colleges—especially the agricultural college? "Free Lance" says in one and the same sentence that the attendance in the technical department should be made compulsory, and at the same time it should be elective with the student whether he takes the course or not; and he remarks further that this making of a thing compulsory and at the same time elective "is a distinction too fine for the rattle-brained critics to grasp." But he says he is not addressing them. If not, then whom is he addressing? does he expect anybody but "rattle-brained" people to grasp such a double dealing idea?

He asks "what was it (the technical department) ever begun for, if it were to be done for so quickly? Was not compulsory attendance contemplated by those who urged its establishment?"

In reply to the first question the answer is ready. It is not "done for." It is in aspiration now, more and better work is being done there in now than ever before. There are students taking courses in the following branches in the department:—General and Agricultural Chemistry, Botany and Floriculture, Electrical and Civil Engineering, Mineralogy, Mechanical and Architectural Drawing, Wood-graving, China Decorating, Surveying, etc.; and what is more, they are doing it in addition to the regular course in the college.

I think the safe answer to the latter question is an emphatic *no!*

Since "Free Lance" is so prolific with questions, will he not consent to one's asking him a few? Does he not know that the alumni of Gallaudet College, in the main, are doing as well and living as easy and as happy lives as the alumni of any other college in the country? If the majority, nay, practically all, are doing well and are satisfied with the education the college gave them, does he think that there would be any sense or any justice in changing the course simply to suit the whims of one isolated case in ten or twenty, and leave the great majority under compulsion to take something they don't want, especially when there is ample provision already made for those who do not want to take the regular course?

"Free Lance" in his first letters says in one paragraph that "it is nonsense for such a college for dependent human beings as the deaf to ape the manners of Harvard or Yale." Then further on he turns round, gets over the fence, and contradicts himself by saying: "President Eliot, of Harvard College, came out in favor of an elective system instead of the old hide-bound one now prevailing. The authorities of Gallaudet College could take pattern after this most practical educator of our age, without any loss of dignity." Did you ever, ever see such argument! such turning of mental summersaults! In one paragraph he says *don't ape Harvard*, in another he says *do ape Harvard*.

But as a matter of fact students here have been taking special courses ever since the founding of the college, and all work in the technical department is elective.

We want know if the Gallaudet

alumni or any of the educated deaf of the country really believe themselves "dependent human beings." They are not, and "Free Lance" knows it. They get along, in the main, just as well as hearing people; and since they do so, why should the deaf be given a training in technology at the public expense any more than hearing people? To be sure, the hearing have their agricultural and Mechanical College, supported to some extent by public funds, but they are all open to the deaf on the same conditions as for the hearing.

But we remember one of the critics of Gallaudet College wanted it abolished, and an industrial college on the agricultural and mechanical line substituted for it, or else he wanted the funds of the college divided up among the various State agricultural Colleges for the benefit of the deaf; because he says the majority of the deaf cannot pass the literary examinations for admission to Gallaudet. Will, if they can't, how could they pass those for admission to the State agricultural Colleges which are fully as difficult, and in some cases more so than those for admission to Gallaudet? Further more, since the deaf can already gain admission to those State Colleges as easily as the hearing, would it not be the worst sort of class legislation to have the general Government give special funds to those Colleges, exclusively for the benefit of the deaf, when they already have the same privilege as the hearing?

ROBERT S. TAYLOR.  
GALLAUDET COLLEGE,  
April 7, 1900.

### MYRON R. PALMER.

In the sudden and untimely death of Myron R. Palmer, the deaf people of Albany have suffered a loss which will be increasingly felt as those occasions recur in connection with which his energy and ability were displayed. A resident of the city for nearly all his life, he was intimately connected with all that concerned the welfare and progress of the deaf of Albany, and his death leaves a gap which will not easily be filled. He possessed a certain independence and originality of mind that materially made him the leader of the deaf, and the native modesty which prevented his assuming a more prominent position in the eyes of world than was the case, served, if anything, to strengthen his influence among those with whom he was intimately associated. Even when failing health compelled him to give up active participation in the affairs of the deaf, his sympathy and interest in all that concerned their welfare remained unabated. There is not a deaf person in the city who does not regard his death as a personal loss, and feel that it takes away a man who can not easily be spared.

Mr. Palmer was born at Grapeville, Greene Co., January 26th, 1863. At the age of nine he lost his hearing as the result of an attack of brain fever, and was subsequently sent to the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. Upon leaving School he came to Albany, and was employed, first at Van Benthuysen's printing office, and later at the large establishment of James B. Lyon, the State Printer. In this latter office he occupied an important and responsible position in the composing room, and so highly were his services valued that during the last few years, in spite of frequent and sometimes protracted absences due to ill health, his place was always kept open for him.

In 1896 Mr. Palmer was married to Miss Henrietta Bothner, of New York. On New Year's Eve, 1898, his only child, a lovely little girl, died after a brief illness, of meningitis. Worn out with watching, and prostrated by the shock, Mrs. Palmer died a few months afterwards at the home of her parents in New York. Doubly bereaved, and not in the best of health, Mr. Palmer bore his sorrows with a most manly fortitude, and returned to his work at the office. Only an occasional remark and a settled sadness betrayed how keen was his grief. The incipient pulmonary trouble with which he suffered seemed somewhat mitigated, and his friends looked forward to a time when he would be restored to his former activity and usefulness.

On Sunday morning, April 1st, Mr. Palmer rose feeling listless and exhausted. His physician, who was summoned, pronounced it a case of grip, and Mr. Palmer's strength was evidently not sufficient to resist the inroads of the disease. His condition rapidly grew worse and congestion of the lungs set in. Sitting in his favorite armchair, at one o'clock, Monday morning, he passed quietly away as one falls asleep.

His funeral was held on the Wednesday following, the Rev. Mr. Prall, Rector of St. Paul's Church, reading the burial service. A large number of mourning friends, both deaf and hearing, were present, including a delegation of some fifty of his fellow workmen. Upon the casket were placed a number of rare floral pieces, prominent among which was one sent by the Albany Typographical

Union. After the service the body was taken to New York City, where, in accordance with his earnest and reiterated wishes, it was placed beside those of his wife and child.

The present is no place for fulsome praise. Mr. Palmer was a man, with some of the failings and many of the virtues of humanity. If honesty of purpose, straightforwardness of speech and action, devotion to home and wife and child, generosity and forgetfulness of self, and finally manly and courageous endurance of great sorrow, can entitle him to reverent and affectionate remembrance, his memory will long be cherished. Those who knew and loved him best resign him with the trust that the sure faith in which he died has ere now been realized, and that in Paradise he has been reunited with his wife and daughter, the brief separation from whom was the keenest sorrow of his life.

H. V. A.

### IN MEMORIAM.

MYRON R. PALMER.

WHEREAS: We meet to transfer the name of Myron R. Palmer from the roll of active members to that of our honored dead, it is met that our sympathy should veil its weeping eyes, when it mourns the man who bore its gentle image ever mirrored in his life.

Was he good? Let those who knew him best, who associated with him longest, who labored with him for the eleven years he was member of this chapel answer. To know was to love him. He was even-tempered and generous, and wore his heart upon his sleeve, and gave to all without reserve. Suffering with an infirmity from early youth, and of late years the victim of a slow and wasting illness, coupled with the loss of the companion who brightened his path, and of the lovely babe passing from infancy into blooming childhood, he bore up with remarkable fortitude, never murmuring. When the sad news of his demise passed from man to man yesterday, the click of the type and the hum of the machinery ceased, while his fellow workmen paused to wipe away the tears of affection and give vent to sighs for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is stilled. Out of this world into the beautiful beyond has passed the soul of Myron R. Palmer. God speed him through the meadow lands where the river flows in song eternal, and let us, his craftsmen in this sweet springtime, lay him gently to rest and cover his grave with flowers until in glorious majesty, the Great Master comes to judge the world, and earth and sea give up their dead.

"As thrills of long hushed tone live in the void, so our souls glow fine  
With keen vibrations from the touch  
Of nobler natures gone."

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, Myron R. Palmer, our craft has lost one of its devoted members;

Resolved, That we tender to his relatives our sincere and heartfelt sympathy; and,

Resolved, That we attend the funeral in a body.

JOHN W. McDONALD,  
STEPHEN J. COFFEY,  
FRANK J. HENZEL,  
JAMES J. SHORTLE,  
M. J. SULLIVAN,  
JOSEPH A. DALY.

Committee, J. Lyon Co. Chapel.

### ST. LOUIS.

Mr. Howard L. Terry, who took a Civil Service examination several weeks ago, has just been appointed to a clerkship in the city post-office. We believe that he is the first deaf person to be appointed to a government position in Missouri—certainly the first since the Civil Service law went into effect.

St. Thomas' Mission annual entertainment will be held on the evening of April 25th, at the Schuyler Memorial House, 1210 Locust Street. The proceeds will be devoted exclusively to the fund for the relief of the poor, sick and needy. All are cordially invited.

The April Public Opinion meeting, which was held on the evening of the 6th inst., was well attended, and the review of current events was instructive and interesting.

The Bishop of Missouri will administer the Apostolic rite of confirmation, at St. Thomas' Mission at 3 P.M., April 23d.

The graduating exercises of the Day School will be held in the Auditorium of the High School on Grand Avenue, on the evening of June 14th.

Rev. J. H. Cloud officiated at Council Bluffs, Ia., on the evening of March 31st, by invitation of the Wide Awake Club of that city.

The Phelps family have given up their city winter residence and returned to their Carthage home. W. H. Phelps, Jr., remains until the close of the Day School in June.

The friends of Miss Caroline Bora will regret to hear that she is seriously ill.

The people of Seattle say that within a year not a pound of food products west of the Mississippi will be shipped East, but will go to Asia by way of the Pacific coast.

## CHICAGO.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

True to its resolution to keep in memory the right to confer degrees on the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, by the Martyr Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, the Chicago Alumni met at a round table, at White's, for the second time. It was a fine menu that regaled the inner man and made things assume a rosyate hue. Those who had entered the Introductory Class, unconsciously ordered "duck" till reminded of it, while those who had entered as verdant freshmen, ordered lamb chops with green peas. A certain alumnus ordered turkey. What reminiscences of turkey on Kendall Green flitted through his brain, I wot not, but it may have been turkey that he got that was not on Christmas or Thanksgiving table either, and which the Deans missed for "cold meat." We will draw the veil on it.

The following toasts were responded to:

Technical Education, by G. T. Dougherty: He might claim to be a special report to the Postmaster by the Superintendent. The biggest item was that of Domestic Money orders paid, which went up to \$153,000. This represents that much that came to Chicago from outside for one day. The transaction of the business makes it the largest in the history of this or any other office. Will this interest you, Mr. Barnes, M. O. D., New York City?

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# NEW YORK.

## Death of Rev. Dr. Edward H. Krans.

### LITERARY AND SOCIAL.

#### Items of All Sorts.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Horatio Krans, rector of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church, at No. 28 West Eighty-fourth Street, died Friday night at his residence, No. 234 Central Park West, from acute pneumonia, at the age of fifty-seven years. He was taken sick on Monday, April 2d, with what seemed a simple cold. On Tuesday he sent a messenger to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, asking him to officiate at St. Matthew's on that evening. Dr. Gallaudet did so, and also called at Dr. Krans' home. On Wednesday he grew worse, and continued to sink, until at 11 o'clock Friday night, when he died of heart failure.

Dr. Krans was born at St. Arm, and, in the Province of Quebec. He studied law for a time, but later entered the General Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the diaconate in the Episcopal Church in 1869, and became assistant minister of St. Mark's Church in this city. After a pastorate of five years in Boston he returned in 1874 to this city, and became Assistant Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes in 18th Street near Fifth Avenue. His work was almost exclusively confined to the hearing attendants of the church. In 1892, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet became Rector Emeritus, and Rev. Dr. Krans Rector, which office he filled until the consolidation of St. Ann's and St. Matthew's occurred.

Dr. Krans was Vice-President of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and was seldom absent from its meetings. He was trustee and First Vice-President of the New York Graduates' Society of McGill University, and President of the New York Churchmen's Association. He was one of the originators, and during two terms President of the New York Clericus.

The funeral services were held at St. Matthew's Church, at ten o'clock Monday morning, April 9th, and were largely attended.

Through Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, a hearing gentleman will give a free stereoscopic exhibition in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on Thursday, April 26th. On the Saturday preceding this affair, April 21st, Mrs. Rose's circle will assemble, and pay ten cents admission to an entertainment under the circle's auspices. The affair is open to any of the public that cares to part with a dime in exchange for a pleasant evening.

Charles J. Le Clercq is busy nowadays, touching up plans for photogravures of the Rapid Transit Tunnel. They are divided into seventy-two sections, and each plate will be three feet long. He is kept going nights and Sundays. If Contractor McDonald can get all to hustle like Charles, we will surely ride from the Battery to Harlem in fifteen minutes early in 1903.

As a result of one thousand letters of appeal for the Building Fund of the Gallaudet House, sent out by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Miss Virginia Gallaudet, sums aggregating \$1,326 have been received, and \$1,000 more is pledged. Collections by the deaf amount to \$219.30.

Theo. I. Lounsbury has been doing a large quantity of job printing lately. His presses are kept busy, and as the cash pours in he begins to understand how it feels to be rich. His printing establishment turns out first class work, and he deserves success because he has earned it.

On the 1st of April, Superintendent Mitchell severed his connection with the Lexington Avenue School. Prof. E. A. Gruver is now at the head, and his many friends among the deaf extend congratulations, and feel sure he will administer the affairs of the institution with fidelity and ability.

The eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kohlmetz, while on an errand, stumbled and fell, striking his face against the curbstone of the pavement. He received a bad cut in the lip, requiring the services of a doctor to put a few stitches in it.

Mrs. Henry J. Haight expects to make her residence in Baldwinville, N. Y., a small town near Syracuse. Dr. and Mrs. Hunt, and Miss Eleanor Haight, son-in-law and daughters of Mrs. Haight, will also live there.

Thomas W. Brown, of Brooklyn, is convalescing, after several weeks' sickness of bronchitis.

The manager of the Art Loan Exhibition says things are progressing finely, and through the JOURNAL wants to thank those who offered some pieces of art, but feels obliged to decline, for want of space. Mrs. C. LeClercq desires the ladies be patronesses. A full list will be published in these columns from time to time. Correspondence is solicited. Address to 504 W. 141st Street, New York City.

Little Karl, the son of Charles Bothner, is sick with measles. Charles is just recovering from an illness that laid him up for two weeks, and if he succeeds in getting rid of his stomach trouble, he will be himself again.

The remains of the late Myron R. Palmer, are now in a receiving vault, and will be interred in the Bothner plot as soon as Mrs. Bothner has sufficiently recovered from the effects of Grip to enable her to safely go to the cemetery.

Mrs. Laura Steins, sister of Mr. A. H. Kohlmetz, died during March. She was known to many of the deaf of St. Louis. Mr. Kohlmetz's mother, now over fourscore years, will live with him and his wife at their home on East 70th Street.

The late Miss Gertrude Walter bequeathed \$5,000 to the Endowment Fund of the Gallaudet Home, and, for the same purpose, Miss Catharine Blauvelt, who died last summer, gave \$500.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine witnessed the performance of "Ben Hur," at the Broadway Theatre, on Saturday. They say it is a splendid play.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson McConnell, after a residence in this city of over a year, have decided to move to the Borough of Queens, where Mr. McConnell has a steady situation in a printing office.

Prof. Clarke, of the New York Institution, lectured before a fair gathering, in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church last Saturday evening.

Prof. W. G. Jones, of Fanwood, is now a grandfather, a son being born to his daughter, Mrs. Lyon, on Thursday, April 5th.

Mrs. Alice Collins, a deaf lady, seventy years old, and an old Fifth Street School graduate, is seriously sick.

Miss Sate Howard will move to her summer home in Orange, N. J., on April 16th.

John Stanch is once more working at his brother's pavilion at Coney Island.

Simon Hirsch spent three days in Philadelphia last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Foreman spent Saturday evening at Forepaugh and Sells Bros. Circus, at Madison Square Garden. Everything was first-class in the rings. But a circus in the city is nothing in comparison with the one-night town affair.

Well does the writer remember with what awe and wonder he viewed the huge colored circus posters, when he was a little, freckle-faced boy. And with what devouring impatience did all the youngsters await the coming of the aggregation of splendor. How we got up at four o'clock in the morning and waited to see the gaudy band-wagon enter town, followed by the long line of piebald horses, shetland ponies, the painted wild-animal wagons, and last, but most wonderful of all, the string of elephants. What heart-throbs of delight we experienced, when the great lion roared, the pink-lemonade man dispensed delightful concoctions, and the side shows with the bearded lady, the fair Circassian (whom we were confidently informed, was really an Albino, but at present suspect to have been a Tibetan), the knife swallower, the dwarfs and giants and other freaks, were ready for exhibition, and the glib-tongued individual at the entrance would shout: "Fifteen cents—a dime an' a half—will neither make ye, break ye, nor stave ye up in business."

And then in the afternoon, when we dismounted our pious parents, and actually sat on the topmost tier of seats, conscience-stricken but thrilled with rapture, as the beautiful equestrienne jumped over the banisters and through the hoops. Oh, for an hour of that glad time, when Tony Pastor, then a circus clown, sang:

"I wish I was a baby,  
A darling little flower,  
A playing for the ladies,  
As I was in childhood's hour;  
Oh! when I was a baby  
They'd kiss me and they'd vow  
That they could almost eat me—  
Why don't they do so now?"

"This," said the magistrate, "is one of the most aggravated cases of assault and battery ever brought to my official notice. How could a big able-bodied man like you strike a deaf-mute?" "Deaf 'n' dumb, is he? Thin phy didn't he say so?"

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**WANTED**—Honest man or woman to travel for large house; salary \$65 monthly and expenses, with increase; position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope, MANAGER, 330 Caxton bldg., Chicago.

# GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

## Good Work by the Base Ball Team.

### WON TWO, LOST ONE.

#### College Briefs.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9th, 1900.—The past week ushered in the third term with its usual line of work and subjects taught by the professors. The classes in botany this year are under Prof. Day, there are two classes, one composed of those who have sufficient speech and lip-reading to recite orally, the other is made up of those who have not the requisite speech. Heretofore this class, the Sophomore, was divided into two divisions, one of the girls and the other of the boys. The Seniors have dropped "Earth and man," and will take two hours in English Literature. Essays upon various authors will be written by the several numbers of the class and delivered before the professor and class. The class is under Prof. Day, Prof. Hotchkiss having two classes in Rhetoric and one in English Philology.

There has been a good deal of excitement in athletic circles during the week. The base-ball team has played three good games, winning two and losing one. The first was with St. John's College here at home, on Wednesday. Our boys had an easy time in winning by the score of 11 to 2. This was the first strong team to face Gallaudet this season, and it was to some extent a test of our team's real strength compared with former teams. Its real worth was not shown, however, till it faced Richmond College, also here at home, on Friday, when the boys again won 15 to 2. Richmond College is reputed to be one of the strongest teams in Virginia, rivaling the University of Virginia, for the State Championship. In these two games the news men showed up well. Carpenter did finely at first in both games, and Lawrence played like a Stutsman at third. Chambers, though not a new man on the team, played short-stop, a new position to him, exceedingly well, while Wheeler took care of the left garden, Bumgardner's old place. Kurath, a new man, pitched in the St. John's game and did finely, making eight of the St. John's men fan the air for outs, and giving them but three hits. He is a valuable addition to the pitching force.

Score St. John's game:

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Lawrence, 3b.,	5	1	0	0	0	0
Rosson, r. f.,	5	1	0	0	0	0
Chambers, s.,	5	4	1	4	1	2
Waters, c. f.,	5	1	2	0	0	0
Wheeler, l. f.,	5	0	1	0	0	0
Gellfus, 2b.,	5	0	0	2	1	1
Andrew, c.,	5	0	1	9	1	0
Carpenter, lb.,	5	1	1	9	1	0
Kurath, p.,	2	1	0	2	1	1
Totals,	40	11	8	27	6	4

St. John's.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tolley, l. f.,	5	1	1	3	1	0
Conrad, p.,	3	0	1	1	2	0
Wisher, c. f.,	4	0	1	3	0	0
Hill, c.,	4	0	0	3	1	1
Fontaine, 2b.,	3	0	0	2	0	3
Melvin, 3b.,	3	0	4	2	0	4
Spencer, s.,	4	0	0	1	3	1
Hayden, r. f.,	4	0	0	1	0	1
Anderson, lb.,	3	1	0	6	0	0
Totals,	38	2	5	24	10	9

Summary: Two-base hits—Lawrence, Waters, Tolley. Base on balls—Off Kurath, 2; Off Conrad, 1. Hit by pitched ball by Conrad, 3; by Kurath, 2. Struck out by Kurath, 8; by Conrad, 4. Passed balls—Andrew, 1; Hill, 4. Double plays—Gellfus (unassisted). Stolen bases—Chambers, Waters, Carpenter, Kurath, Wisner, (2) Fontaine. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Mr. Dobyns.

Richmond College game:

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Carpenter, lb.,	5	2	0	9	0	1
Rosson, c. f.,	5	3	3	1	1	0
Chambers, s.,	5	0	2	2	2	0
Waters, p.,	5	2	2	3	2	0
Lawrence, 3b.,	4	1	0	2	0	0
Gellfus, 2b.,	4	3	1	2	0	0
Andrew, c.,	4	0	2	5	2	0
Wheeler, l. f.,	5	0	2	0	0	1
Barham, r. f.,	5	1	1	1	0	0
Totals,	48	15	10	28	9	8

Richmond Col.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kerfoot, 3b.,	4	0	0	3	1	3
Ish, c. f.,	2	1	0	5	0	1
Sanford, lb.,	4	0	1	7	2	2
Shepherd, p.,	4	0	2	2	1	0
White, r. f.,	5	0	0	0	0	1
Boyd, c.,	6	0	1	1	0	1
Staples, 2b.,	3	0	0	1	2	0
Taylor, s.,	3	0	1	2	0	1
Loftwright, l. f.,	3	0	2	8	0	0
Totals,	38	2	6	24	5	11

Innings. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
GALLAUDET 2 5 0 0 2 0 2 0 x-11  
St. John's 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0-2

Summary: Two-base hits—Lawrence, Waters, Tolley. Base on balls—Off Kurath, 2; Off Conrad, 1. Hit by pitched ball by Conrad, 3; by Kurath, 2. Struck out by Kurath, 8; by Conrad, 4. Passed balls—Andrew, 1; Hill, 4. Double plays—Gellfus (unassisted). Stolen bases—Chambers, Waters, Carpenter, Kurath, Wisner, (2) Fontaine. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Mr. Dobyns.

Summary: Two-base hits—Lawrence, Waters, Tolley. Base on balls—Off Kurath, 2; Off Conrad, 1. Hit by pitched ball by Conrad, 3; by Kurath, 2. Struck out by Kurath, 8; by Conrad, 4. Passed balls—Andrew, 1; Hill, 4. Double plays—Gellfus (unassisted). Stolen bases—Chambers, Waters, Carpenter, Kurath, Wisner, (2) Fontaine. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Mr. Dobyns.

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the strongest college teams in the country.

The Score:—

GALLAUDET. AB R H PO A E  
Carpenter, lb., 5 2 0 9 0 1  
Rosson, p., 5 3 3 1 1 0  
Chambers, s., 5 0 2 2 2 0  
Waters, c. f., 5 2 2 3 2 0  
Lawrence, 3b., 4 1 0 2 0 0  
Gellfus, 2b., 4 3 1 2 0 0  
Andrew, c., 4 0 2 5 2 0  
Wheeler, l. f., 5 0 2 0 0 1  
Barham, r. f., 5 1 1 1 0 0  
Totals, 48 15 10 28 9 8

U. of Va. AB R H PO A E  
Walker, c., 3b., 5 0 2 1 2 8  
Cooke, 3b., 1 0 0 0 0 0  
Nalle, c., 3 1 1 4 1 0  
Catter, l. f., 1 0 0 2 0 0  
Summersgill, p., 3 1 1 1 1 0  
Rea, c. f., 4 2 2 2 1 0  
Downing, r. f., 3 2 2 0 0 0  
Stearns, s., 3 2 1 2 2 0  
Mallory, 2b., 4 1 1 3 2 0  
Pinkerton, p., lb., 4 0 1 1 0 1  
Slaughter, lb., 5 0 2 5 1 0  
Totals, 34 9 13 21 10 4

Innings. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
Gallaudet, 0 0 0 0 2 1 0-3  
U. of Va., 0 2 4 2 1 0 0-9

Summary: Bases stolen—Nalle, Downing, Stearns, Summersgill. Two base hits—Rea (2), Walker, Nalle. Three base hits—Downing. Home run—Wheeler. Bases on balls—Off Rosson, 3; Off Summersgill, 1; Off Pinkerton, 2. Hit by pitched balls—By Rosson, 1; by Pinkerton, 1. Time of game—1½ hour. Umpire—Mr. Shibley.

The Second team played the Western High School, Saturday evening, and lost 9 to 20.

The track team continues to practice hard every day. The Philadelphia Press of Tuesday last, contained a picture of Captain Long in his running ring.

The Societies on both sides of the college, have held the usual term elections the past week. On the boys' side the new officers of the "Lit" are: President, Wornstaff and Long, '00; Norris and Swanson, '01; Vice-President, Runde, '01; Secretary, Northern, '02; Treasurer, Spence, '03; Library Strong, '02; Critic, Long, '00. Long, '00, was chosen Valetudinarian, and Norris, '01, Respondent.

The officers of the Reading Room for the term are: Wornstaff and Long, '00; Norris and Swanson, '01; Wyand and Lawrence, '02.

On the girls' side the O. W. L. S. election resulted as follows: President, Miss Prayer, '00; Vice-President, Miss Stout, '01; Secretary, Miss Fitzgerald, '03; Treasurer, Miss Gaillard, '01; Librarian, Miss Lawson, '00; Critic, Miss Taylor, '00. The Ladies' Reading Room chose the following committee: Chairman, Miss Marshall, '00; Secretary, Miss Lindstrom, '01; Treasurer, Miss Finch, '03; Librarian, Miss Zell, '02; Assistant Librarian, Miss Burman, '02.

The first Sunday School concert of the term was held yesterday evening. The subject was "seed sowing."

The Easter Holidays begin Wednesday, and camping parties are getting ready to desert the Green as soon as recitations for that morning are over.

It was an error in last week's letter in regard to Mr. W. E. Martin's having gone home. He is still on the Green. He and Prof. Hotchkiss were seen mounted on a tandem wheel and sailing around the Green as if they were boys again.

Walter Ballard, son of Mr. Ballard, '66, who has been serving an apprenticeship in the B. & O. shops in this city, has been promoted to the position of drayman in the office of the Baltimore shops.

Miss Constance Draper is home for the holidays Wellesley College. Her cousin, Miss Merrill, came with her.

R. S. TAYLOR.

### Mutes Thrash a Car Conductor.

William Noble, with his head stitched up and his countenance adorned with court plaster, is full of realization that it is dangerous to be supersensitive. Noble is a street car conductor, and imagined that two deaf-mutes were making fun of him in the sign language. He resented it. They dragged him from his car and were rapidly beating his head off when a policeman interfered.

The names of the belligerent deaf-mutes are Larry Larke and John Magowan. They describe themselves as laborers. Larke, with rare humor, gave his address at the police station as No. 46 East Forty-sixth street, a few doors east of Fifth avenue, where a laborer's wages would not suffice for the rent of a seat on the front stoop. Magowan wrote down that he lived at 601 East Eighteenth street.

The men boarded an Eighteenth street car at the foot of East Twenty-third street last night, and began an animated and seemingly humorous conversation with their fingers. They laughed and chuckled and made signs, but made no move to pay their fare. At the corner of Twenty-third street and Avenue A Noble, the conductor, by dint of slapping them on the shoulders and holding up five fingers persuaded Larke to produce 10 cents.

The car emptied going down Avenue A, until Larke and Magowan were the sole occupants. They stood on the back platform, continuing their noiseless and humorous conversation, occasionally laughing while casting glances at the conductor. The impression entered Noble's mind that the men were not deaf-mutes at all and that they were gauding him. Trouble followed when he shook a fist at them.—N. Y. Journal.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## A Lady's Search for Christianity.

### MR. ARNOLD'S SCHEME.

#### Paragraph's of Interest.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Two deaf ladies were returning home from All Souls' Church, one Sunday afternoon recently. They were riding in a car out Spring Garden Street, and kept up a continuous conversation. By the side of one sat a middle-aged, matronly looking lady, to whom the sign-language seemed a novelty and, maybe, so void of sense that she became curious to know if these ladies had any idea of religion. To satisfy herself she opened her pocket book, extracted a neat card and handed it to the one sitting nearest to her. On the card was printed in exquisite typography the following:

MY FRIEND, I was just wondering if you have found the secret of the blessed life. It's a queer and quiet way to ask a question, isn't it, but have you pondered earnestly the Savior's words, "WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING," and Paul's triumphant saying, "I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST, WHICH STRENGTHENETH ME!"

Oh, this companionship with Jesus! What joys it brings! How it lightens care and helps one toil and win.

May "the peace of God which passeth understanding, keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus."

Evidently this Christian lady had never met a deaf person before and her sympathy was aroused for these ladies, especially their spiritual welfare. We may consider her act graceful, though she had addressed her own kind, not "heathens," as she perhaps thought. We will close this item by stating that the deaf ladies acknowledged the stranger's kind consideration of them with due grace.

At the meeting of the Clerical Literary Association, last Thursday evening, Mr. Howard E. Arnold, an oral graduate, appeared for the first time in an interesting role, quizzing the members on literary subjects. He had prepared a collection of famous phrases, and, after giving out one, wanted the members to name the author of it. If a phrase proved unfamiliar to them, he would give a short biographical sketch of the author, and thus lead the members to guess the right name. It must be said to the credit of the association that there were very few failures in guessing.

While Mr. Arnold lacked force of expression, he did quite well in other ways. With more experience he will doubtless become a useful and worthy member.

After Mr. Arnold finished his part, Mr. Underwood contributed a humorous part to the meeting.

Before adjournment, the following standing committees were nominated by President King:

On Literary Exercises—H. E. Stevens, (Chairman), Wm. F. Durian, Miss Annie J. Auer.

On Library—Miss Dora Kintzel, (Chairman), Mrs. L. Slifer, Mrs. C. McVea, Mr. Luke.

On Entertainment—R. E. Underwood, (Chairman), Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett, Miss Katie Eisele, H. G. Gunkel, A. Schreiner.

On Membership—Otto Koenig, (Chairman), Wm. E. Grime, Thos. E. Jones, Mrs. F. Stumpf, Mrs. Wm. F. Durian.

The following special committee on excursion was also appointed: Jas. S. Reider, (Chairman), H. G. Gunkel, H. E. Arnold.

A few lectures are being arranged for the association, which will be announced as soon as particulars are known.

Mr. Conrad F. Hieseler, an oral graduate, has opened a studio in the Logan Building, at 1305 Arch Street, where he will be pleased to fill orders for modelling, designing and artistic photography. He will give special attention to portraiture. We have already seen a sample of his work in portraiture, and, if he can maintain that quality in future, we consider his chances for success in his new venture as 'very good. At any rate, we are pleased to note the enterprise exhibited by Mr. Hieseler, and though a stranger to us, we wish him all the success possible.

We are also pleased to know that Mr. Luke McGuicken, also an oral graduate, has gone into business for himself, having opened a grocery store in Camden, N. J. He formerly worked in this city.

Miss Mary Loughridge, Assistant Matron at the Mt. Airy School, has resigned her position to take a similar one at the Fanwood School. Our good wishes go with her.

Harry Smith is going to his country home on Saturday for the purpose of bringing his wheel down with him. He will go on one time, returning on the next. He is a

great rider, and has made two century runs, beside holding the highest mileage records of any deaf-mute in Trenton. He lives in Rosemont, N. J.

Mr. Robert M. Ziegler will give a reading for the benefit of the Home Fund, on Friday evening, April 20th, at All Souls' Hall. An admission fee of fifteen cents will be charged.

Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett is suffering from an attack of Erysipelas. Mrs. Anna T. Chapman is about again, after being confined to the house for about three weeks with a heavy cold.

John E. Clausen, of Bridesburg, who has been sick for about two months with typhoid fever, is slowly recovering.

Although the father of Isaac Denwees will by 81 years old this month, he still looks hale and hearty.

Mrs. Joseph Brutsche is mourning the loss of her mother, who has just been buried.

The Easter service at All Souls' Church, which will begin at 2 P.M., promises to be largely attended. Rev. A. W. Mann will probably preach the sermon, and a beautiful service may be looked for.

This is Holy Week, and services will be held at All Souls' on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, also on Thursday morning and Friday noon.

April 9, '00 J. S. R.



